

How to Save a Life by GloriousFandoms

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Fantasy, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Billy H., OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-08-02 16:19:58

Updated: 2019-08-13 23:44:49

Packaged: 2019-12-12 17:07:21

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 5,558

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Finding a knocked out, bleeding mullet-wearing guy laying in the middle of the road while she was driving in what appeared to be a tropical storm wasn't something Zoe wanted to deal with. Not at all. She really needs to learn how to mind her own business. Post Season 3 AU (Billy is far from Hawkins and far from the 1980s) OC/?

1. Rainfall

This idea had been stuck in my head for a good amount of time and I prefer it over my other idea soooo I decided why not? This is gonna be a fun AU ride! I hope yall enjoy the first chapter!

The noise from the TV was barely audible as it got muted by the sudden heavy rains that decided to plague Atlanta tonight. Two women were sprawled out on the couch as they finished up the newest episode of Bachelor in Paradise. An empty pizza box laid on top of the glass coffee table. Next to it was two empty wine glasses, only a sliver of orange juice was evidence of the mimosa.

The shorter girl glanced from the TV to her friend. Her dark eyes taking in her messy hair to her crumple pajamas. "Hey Zo, you sure you don't want to go out clubbing? Get your mind off things..."

Zo glanced at her friend before pushing herself up. "Sam, I'm fine doll." Sam gave her a skeptical look causing Zo to sigh. "Seriously doll, I'm fine. It's only been a month, I'm fine. Besides, the weather and my appearance doesn't exactly scream 'Time to Go Clubbing' hun."

Sam let out a snort, "I'll give you that much. Did I miss this weather report?" She gestured to her window that was being pelted by rain.

"Fuck, I wish. Seemed God wanted me to stay in for a good while. Is this hurricane weather?"

Sam shook her head, "I've lived here my whole life and I don't even know. Usually there are more indications of a hurricane. The news would've reported it days ago."

Zo sighed, getting off the couch. "Well, in that case, I rather wait this out at my own apartment," Zo rubbed her face in realization, "Shit...Delilah and Saffron are probably freaking the fuck out right now."

Zo walked to the kitchen counter, grabbing her wallet, jacket, and

keys before being stopped by Sam's light grip on her shoulder. Zo turned around, her eyes glancing down at Sam as she raised her eyebrows.

"Zo, it isn't safe to drive out there. Those gales are fucking strong. And the rain..." Sam sighed and shook her head, "I don't like it. I really don't."

"Saaaaammm," Zo pouted, "I'll be fine sweetheart. I always am. Besides, my babies are probably miserable right now."

"Could...couldn't you call a neighbor to check up on them. Or your apartment security? C'mon just stays here and wait it out."

"Sam," Zo placed her wallet and keys back down and gripped her friend's shoulder, "I will be fine. If anything happens I'll call you. When I get back to my apartment, I will call you. Don't worry."

Sam let out a defeated sigh and brushed a strand of dark hair out of her face. "You better, you hear me."

Zo smiled brightly as she grabbed her belongings once again. "Thank you. Besides, what is the worst that can happen?"

Why did she have the jinx it? She really underestimated how shitty the weather was. Her car nearly served into a tree multiple times. The wind definitely didn't help the situation. Plus, the sudden appearance of thunder and lighting didn't help anything.

"The one Sam had a point and I ignored her," Zo muttered under her breath as she increased the speed of her windshield wipers as well as the radio.

The music only helped a smidgen. The fact that the music was early to mid-2000s throwback definitely was a plus.

It didn't last long.

A clap of thunder made Zo flinch. It was extremely close, or it was so loud that it felt like it. Her eyes glanced up to see lightning strike a couple of miles away, which proved her point.

She kept driving until the fog started rolling in.

"What the fuck?" Zo whispered in disbelief. Zo lightly pressed her foot on the breaks as the rolling fog encompassed her car. The radio started fritzing out, static overcoming the music. The channels changing without any assistance. Every light inside her car as well as her headlights started blinking on and off until her entire car just searingly died.

Zo let out a deep breath as she sat in the dark as she tried to restart her engine. "Fuck," she tried again, "Fuck," and again "God fucking damnit!" After the engine sputtered the fifth time she slammed her hand on the headboard. "Fucking bullshit. Complete and utter bullshit," she muttered under her breath as she opened the passenger compartment and grabbed the handgun she always kept in there.

Quickly she turned the safety off as she opened her door. Zo was not a stupid woman and she knew bullshit when she sees it. And this entire situation was bullshit.

She got completely drenched the moment she stepped outside. The strong winds whipping her messy ponytail against her face. She stomped through the several inches of rain to the front of her car. Anger and annoyance flowed through her as she registered the fact her \$100 boots were now ruined as well as her vision was completely useless due to the parade of raindrops on her glasses.

Zo muttered several curses under her breath as she held the gun in front of her as she made it to the front of her car. She whipped to her right, her eyes catching some type of movement.

"Who's there?" She shouted, her voice barely making a sound in the storm. "I'm armed fucktard!"

No response, just the sound of harsh winds and rain. With a sigh, she flicked the safety off and placed the gun in her boot. Zo reached the hood.

Another roar of thunder. Thunder so loud, Zo could swear her bones vibrated from the noise.

The next thing Zo knew was the fact she was on the ground, her hands covering her ears. Her vision was blurry and white, the feeling of electricity was in the air. Zo slowly blinked her eyes. Slowly her vision came back.

The first thing she noticed was the fact the thick fog was gone. Zo stayed in her crouched position, a frown forming on her face. It was quiet, far too quiet. She licked her lips and slowly stood up.

The rain was gone. Not just that, the gales were no existent. In fact, there was barely even a gentle breeze. The world felt still.

Zo glanced at her car, her eyes focusing on the now lit up headlight. Slowly the ringing of her ears got replaced to the gentle hum of her car's engine and the blasting of Hey Ya from the radio.

"What. The. Fuck." Zo breathed out. She let out a shaky laugh, which turned into one of hysterics. Zo turned around, leaning on the front of her car as tears ran down her eyes from laughing so hard.

With a deep breath, she started to settle down. Soon the last drop of laughter left her mouth she glanced up at the sky. Any sign of storm clouds was long gone. "Jesus fucking christ," she laughed before bringing her head back down.

Any trace of humor, relief, and laughter on her face disappeared as quickly as it appeared. "Jesus fucking christ," Zo whispered in shock. Her eyes widening in horror at the sight in front of her.

There, lying in the middle of the fucking road, was a person. Zo rushed towards the figure, her boots squishing with each step. She knelt down, wiping the raindrops off her glasses.

From what she could tell, it was definitely a person, a man to be precise or well a boy. Their body was resting beneath the charred street. Did this asshole get struck by lightning? That idea was completely dismissed after Zo did a once over his body. No scarring or burnt smell. Their curly hair was drenched from the rain. "Is that a mullet?" Zo couldn't help but comment in confusion before shaking her head. Her eyes traced the teen's face, black goo or blood covered his lips. The same liquid covered his white wife-beater shirt. Lightly

she grazed his slow-moving chest. Stab wounds? "What the fuck happened to you?" She whispered before stepping back.

She should leave. This wasn't her problem and she really didn't want to make it her problem. Someone else could help him, just not her. She was done with helping people deal with bullshit like this and for all, she knows this could be another sewer clown problem. She refused to deal with the fucking sewer clown.

Zo made her way back to her car and got back into the driver's seat. She grabbed the wheel, her foot hovered on the gas. Zo took a deep breath and closed her eyes.

Prove them wrong. That painful familiar voice whispered in her ears. A voice as sweet as sugar, one that always managed to bring tears to her eyes. "Zo, who else could deal with this situation?"

"Shut up," Zo whispered, helplessness and frustration laced in her tone.

Look how far you got. Don't go back now.

"Shut up," Zo repeated, her voice growing louder. Tears started to form.

He will die if you-

"Shut UP," Zo shouted. The voice left her consciousness, leaving Zo utterly alone.

"God fucking-" Zo muttered getting out of the car.

She yanked the teen up, placing one of his arms around her neck as she dragged him to the back of the car.

"You fucking owe me Mr. 1980s," Zo hissed to the unconscious teen as she laid him in the backseats.

With a huff, she got back in the car and drove off.

What did she get herself into?

I am actually happy how this turned out. Sorry for any typos and grammatical errors, I just had the inspiration in me LOL.

I hope yall enjoyed this chapter. Let me know your thoughts!

2. Home Sweet Home

Welcome to Chapter Two! Thank yall who favorited and followed this story. I am so happy yall are enjoying this little adventure.

Thank you to Villains' Lover for your review. I am also surprised there isn't a lot of time travel stories here, usually, that trope is pretty popular. I'm so glad you loved the first chapter and I hope this chapter doesn't disappoint.

I hope yall enjoy!

Thankfully the drive to her apartment garage went by much quicker than expected. When she parked her car in her unofficial designated spot, the real fun began. That is how she found herself hobbling to the elevator with a random unconscious man against her side. Right before the elevator door shut a hand shot out, preventing the doors from closing as well as causing a wince from Zo.

"Uh, is everything alright Miss Zoe?" Zo was relieved to see the friendly face of George, one of the few security officers she didn't mind. He was a handsome man as he was kind, something Zo even had to admit to herself. His dark brown eyes looked at the scene in front of him in concern and she couldn't blame him. The situation she found herself in must look dreadful. A drench woman basically carrying a half-dead teenager into an apartment complex would raise eyebrows.

Zo nodded her head, "Uh yup," she coughed slightly shifting her stance for more support. George nodded his head slowly, his eyes darting from Zo to her guest.

"Uh, you working?" he said, nodding his head towards the teen.

"Something like that, yeah."

George sighed before pressing the four-button and backing out of the elevator.

"Well, you take care Miss Zoe. Let me know if ya need anythin." He tapped his flashlight on his forehead before placing it back in his belt.

"Oh I will George." Zo winked at the man before the elevator doors slammed shut. Zo leaned on the railing as the elevator jolted upwards. She closed her eyes in relief.

The peaceful moment was gone the moment of the elevator ringed, announcing its arrival to the fourth floor. Zo let out a groan as she pushed herself forward and readjusted her grip on the stranger. With a stumble, she exited the elevator and walked to her apartment.

Zo never felt so relieved to be in her apartment. Sure, she had a half-dead dude's arm hooked around her neck but he wasn't dead yet. At least that was what his shallow breathing told her, but she wasn't sure how long he was gonna stay like that.

She hobbled into the room, not bothering to turn on the light as she made her way into the living room. Her eyes dart to the couch.

"Delilah down," she ordered looking at her large fluffy mutt. Her ears perked when her name was called out. Slowly Delilah raised her head, looking at Zo and the man she was basically carrying. Deliah stood up, her ears pinned back as she released a snarl.

"Down," Zo repeated, her voice unwavering. She followed her command with a snap of her fingers. Delilah stopped her snarling as she got up and jumped off the couch to move next to her owner.

"And here we go," she said to herself as she threw the stranger on her couch. Delilah inched towards him, sniffing his hand before baring her fangs and releasing a growl. Zo scratched her dog's ear before shoving her away from the body.

She stretched her neck then arms before she went to work. Her eyes glanced over the blood and black goo soaked wife-beater. "Okay, let's see the damage." Zo got up and went to her TV stand. "There you are." She grabbed the dust-covered first aid kit and headed back to the couch.

Quickly she blew off the dust and ripped off the plastic sealing before

opening the kit. Her eyes glanced over the items before sighing. "Sorry shirt," she muttered as she grabbed the scissors. Slowly and carefully she started cutting the flimsy excuse of a shirt. Soon she was able to move the front section. With steady hands, she started to peel off the shirt. Zo tilted her head as she assessed the damages.

Whatever happened to this kid, it was nothing good. In fact, Zo was surprised that he was still alive. The wounds were still open and oozing. Black goo mixed with blood was still gushing out of his chest. "Fucking shit," Zo cursed under her breath. The first aid kit had nothing that could deal with this kind of wound. It wasn't like she could cover his chest with bandaids and call it a night, even if it was a tempting option.

Instead of wasting every single bandaid in the kit, she did the only thing she could. Zo grabbed those cleaning wipes as started tending the gaping wounds.

When she reached the last wound, the lack of reaction from the teen started to get on Zo's nerves. If she was tending to a brain dead person she was going to be pissed. There was no way in hell did she waste hours of sleep for something like that. Zo slammed shut the useless first aid kit and stood up. Delilah walked towards her guest, sniffing his face.

"Enough Delilah," Zo moaned as she walked to her open door, "Come." She did. Zo flicked on the light switch, nearly wincing at the sudden bright light. "Not my fucking night is it," she muttered to her dog as she quietly shut the door. The dog nearly whined in response, rubbing her body against her leg.

"Let momma take over of problem number one and then I'll deal with you." Zo rubbed Delilah's face as the dog licked her hands.

A loud cough caught her attention as Zo was about to make her way to her room. Quickly Zo walked to the couch, watching in confusion as the stranger, who was out cold, started coughing up bile of black goo. Well, at least he wasn't braindead.

"God fucking shit," she hissed as she turned the teen on his side letting the bile to land on her newly clean carpet. Zo took in a deep

breath, ignoring the fact she wasted two hours of her life to clean the ever-living shit out of the carpet yesterday for this to happen. Instead, she focused on the now semi-conscious injured kid on her couch.

"Hey...you good dude?" She asked softly, crouching in front of him. His blue eyes looked glazed over as they squinted at her. While she was no doctor, she could tell they were hazing and she wasn't sure if his blood vessels were supposed to look like that.

He opened his mouth to say more but whatever words that he meant to say got garbled up with bloody vomit mixed with black slime.

"What a disgusting death," Zo muttered to herself as she patted the guy's shoulder while she stood up. Zo speed walk to her room, her eyes focusing on her bottom dresser drawer. She yanked open the drawer, removing it from the dresser, and turned it upside allowing all the clothes inside to fall onto the floor. Zo pressed down on the bottom of the drawer, allowing herself to remove it. There inside the secret compartment was the one thing she hoped to never use. So, of course, the time she does have to use it was for a dying stranger.

Zo grabbed the large needle and needle gun. Smoothly she attached the two objects before leaving her now messy room.

"Hey there kid I'm back," she whispered to the mullet-wearing stranger as she slowly turned his body back to its original position. His eyes were glazed up, staring at nothing.

With a deep breath, she pointed the gun directly on where his heart was located. "Sorry hun, this is gunna hurt like a bitch."

She pulled the trigger.

The needle was injected as the stranger's mouth gaped open, yet no noise was made. It was as if his body was frozen.

Zo looked at the teen then back at the needle gun with a frown. "Damn, what a waste of nanobots." She let out a sigh and placed a blanket on him. She almost felt pity for the kid, it was gonna be a long night for him. If she had any pity for him, it was gone as fast as

it came as she looked over the mess she had to deal with as well as the loss of her gifted nanobots. She just hoped the injection works. While she wasn't sure what the black goo was, she knew it wasn't human. All she can do is cross her fingers that the nanobots are as good as her old friend promised. After all, the amount of bullshit she went through to obtain those nanobots better be worth it.

"C'mon Delilah," she called out as she went back to her room to fix up her shorts drawer.

"Oh there you are Saffron," she cooed as her large spotted cat sauntered towards her. The Bengal cat sat in front of her, her large green eyes blinking slowly at her. Zo couldn't help but feel she was being judged.

"It was either the needle or death," Zo pouted. Saffron merely flicked her tail before jumping on her cat post. "I know it was a stupid waste," she muttered in annoyance.

Zo stuck her tongue at her cat before glancing at Delilah, whose head was resting on her lap. Zo let out a sigh as she laid on the ground.

"I hope I didn't just fuck things up." Her voice echoed in the quiet room. A small part of her was hoping for any sign of reassurance.

Nothing happened.

She went back to shoving her clothes into the drawer.

It only took a couple of minutes before everything was back to normal. Zo couldn't help but let out a yawn as she shoved herself up. She hadn't slept for more than two or three hours the past week and she was just starting to feel it. Of course, it had to be when things were just starting to get hectic for her.

"Delilah, bed," Zo ordered as she hobbled back to the living room. She yawned loudly as she sat at the breakfast bar. Her eyes darting from her guest to the clock on the microwave. "Great, 5 am. Why even bother going to sleep now?" Zo groaned inside the palm of her hands. How did time passed by so quickly? It wasn't like she left Sam's place that late and it wasn't like the drive was that long.

Zo stretched out her back before jumping out of the chair to make her way to the couch. She glanced at her blanket then back at the teen then back at her blanket then back at the teen. She grabbed some of the throw pillows from her chairs and lifted up the stranger's head. Quickly she placed the pillows underneath his head. Her eyes glanced at the teen's hair and raised an eyebrow. "Wow, an actual mullet," she mused to herself. With gentle hands, she laid his head back down.

Zo went to leave, the feeling of her wet clothes finally getting on her nerves once again, but she stopped. Her eyes glanced at his chest.

She let out a breath of relief as the wounds started closing up. At least the nanobots were as good as she thought they were. With that reassurance, she left the teen and any thoughts about him on her couch in her living room as she slammed her bedroom door behind her.

With a loud yawn, she stripped out of her soaked clothes and tossed them in her bathroom that was off the side of her bedroom. Her tossed her glasses and phone on the bedroom side table and blindly reached for a discarded stretched out shirt. When her hands reached one, she put it on before crashing on her bed. Delilah crawling next to her.

"Alexa set alarm to 8:30 am," Zo called out in the darkness, her voice slurring slightly.

"Alarm set to 8:30 a.m"

When she heard the sound of confirmation from Alexa, Zo shut her eyes.

A nagging feeling gnawed on her, a feeling that she forgot something.

It probably wasn't that important anyway. All she hoped for was that she woke up before her guest.

Next time we get some actual conscious Billy action as well as the movement of the plot. I hope yall liked this installment.

Sorry for any typos and grammatical error. Let me know your thoughts on this chapter!

Thanks for reading. See ya next time yall.

3. A Kid Named Billy

Hey guys, welcome to part 3 of this installment. I just wanted to say thanks to everyone who favorited and followed this story. I also wanted to thank Ka'anela Kia'i for your review. I am so happy you have been enjoying the story. I hope yall enjoy.

To say that waking up the next morning was rough would have been an understatement. Zo had beat her alarm by an hour. Not because she naturally woke up early, no that would be far too ideal. Instead, she was awoken by her dog trying to suffocate her by laying right on her face.

After shoving the 90 pounds of fur off her (as well as removing clumps of fur from her mouth) she went to go check her phone for any alerts. Only to find it dead because some moron, aka her, forgot to charge the damn thing.

With the events of the day starting out so strong, she decided to lock herself in the bathroom for a nice long warm shower.

If only that was the case.

After stripping all clothing, she turns on the shower and got in.

Only to be greeted by ice-cold water. What the fuck? She bit her lip to prevent a frustrated scream from being released from her lips as she exited the shower. So there she was, soaked and butt naked outside the shower with on hand fiddling with the temperature.

After five minutes did the horrible realization of the fact that water heater must've been broken came over her. With a sense of defeat, she rested her forehead on the glass as she slowly turned off the shower.

"Why am I being punished?" Zo sighed as she trudged out of the bathroom. She decided just to dress up in a t-shirt that was three sizes too big, allowing herself to view it as a dress of some sort.

Zo grabbed her brush, yanking it through the wet knots that made up her hair. After ten minutes of fighting with her hair, she finally won. Zo twirled a wet strand, she made a note to contact maintenance about the shower. God would she kill for a steamy shower.

Her morning calmed down slightly after that. Zo made sure to do her usual routine. Feed Delilah, make sure both her babies had enough water, and grab a small snack in that took form in raw sirloin meat. There was barely any left, it only took around a week to finish it.

As she finished up the sirloin, she glanced at her guest. He was still dead to the world, which probably was a good thing. Nanobots could heal basically any physical wound, the mental ones were a whole other can. That was something he needed to deal with himself, and in Zo's opinion, sleep was the best way. His chest wounds healed up nicely, though the multiple scars were bright and new. The black goo was dried up on the carpet. What a bitch that is going to be to clean up.

Taking the last piece of raw meat, rolling it up into a ball, and popping in her mouth Zo went back to her room. Her phone should have some juice in it by now.

And oh did it.

The feeling of dread and realization washed over Zo as she hid her face in her hand. On her phone was an alert. Well, more like 30 missed phone calls and text. All ranging from 11 pm to 8 am.

She stared at the phone, debating if she should just ignore it. But, she decided to bite the bullet.

Sam picked up her call after just two rings.

"What the fuck Zo!" Sam's greeting was far too loud in her ear.

"Uhhh, I like...kinda totally forgot." Well, they always said honesty was the best policy. Even if it was a half-truth. After all, Sam didn't need to know about her guest that was residing on her couch is the main reason why she forgot.

"You forgot." Sam was pissed. Zo could basically see her face turning

an angry red as she paced the floor of her high-end apartment.

"Yeah..." Zo's voice trailed off, her focus shifting from the phone call to her cat. Her cat who was now prowling into the living room. "It was a weird drive and I was so exhausted when I got back I just ate it on my bed." Zo made sure to pick each word carefully, keeping as much truth in there as well as out.

"You scared the shit out of me Zo." Sam let out an exasperated sigh. Zo hummed in response, going back in the living room to see her large cat on top of the kid. Staring at his closed as before sniffing his nose. She watched the scene in bemusement but ultimately decided to ignore it.

"I'm serious Zo. I barely could sleep last night because I thought you were dead in a ditch or something. Like for fuck s-"

"I know Sam and I'm sorry," Zo took a seat at her breakfast bar twirling on the chair, "I really am. But c'mon now. You and I both know I can handle anything."

"But Zo-"

"But nothing. As if some car accident can kill me. Give me some credit now."

Sam went silent. Zo tapped her fingers on the table. Tap. Tap. Tap.

"You're right." Sam's voice was one of defeat. "You're right, I just keep forgetti-"

"I know Sammi Doll," Zo smiled, "Just remember you don't need to lose any sleep cause of me."

"Well obviously," Sam snorted, "Seems like you slept like a baby."

Zo groaned, "I was until God decided to punish me for you."

Sam let out a loud laugh at her comment. And that laughter continues as Zo recounted every miserable event from the beginning of the morning.

"Serves you right bitch."

"Oh fuck you too." Zo's lips twitched upwards.

The sound of panicked gasping caught Zo's attention. She turned around and her eyes widen.

"I gotta go Sam." Zo hung up before Sam could a word in as got up from the chair.

Her eyes met the wide eyes of her guest. Those ocean blues looked at her in terror and confusion. He was sat up, his breathing coming out heavy and erratically. She couldn't help but think that he looked more like a scared animal than a human.

Zo made her way towards him, glancing him a wary look. "Hey there kiddo," she said lightly as if she was talking to a frightened animal, "Imma need you to lay down."

He stared at her, his face pale and sweaty

"Are," his voice was raspy and quiet, "you can angel?"

She blinked at the question and couldn't help but smile at the question. "Oh hun, no...no I am not kid." In fact, out of the many things she had been called, an angel was never one of them. Not even close.

"You aren't dead sugar. Don't get me wrong, you were close, but you are still kicking." Gently she placed her hand over his newly healed yet scarred chest and shoved him down on the back on the couch. He let out a cough, his breathing coming out harsh. "Ain't that right?" He coughed out.

"Mmhmm, now rest up."

The kid shook his head, "I can rest when I'm dead. Besides anything to talk with a pretty thing like you."

Zo blinked at him. The smile he threw her looked more like a painful grimace than a flirty smirk that she assumed he was aiming for. The fearful look in his eye stayed. Yet there was something more in those

pools of blue. A pleading look, begging for any distraction.

She sighed.

"Well, kiddo, let's start with a name hun."

He coughed, "Billy," cough, "Hargrove. Don't wear it out."

"Uhuh. Now, where are you from Billy?"

"What," cough, "no," cough, "name?"

"Zoe, you can call me Zo. Now, where did you come from?"

"Hawkins," he spat out the word in disgust, "Indiana."

Zo raised her eyebrows at the name of the town. Hawkins, Indiana? Was that an actual place?

"Uh huh." She glanced at his eyes, staring at his pupil to see the dilation. "And, what is the date?"

He took a deep breath.

"May...June? 1985."

Zo blinked. He wasn't lying, she could tell that much. It does explain the mullet. But, it doesn't mean he is telling the truth. He could just be crazy.

"And what was the last thing you remember."

The look of horror on his face startled her. He grabbed her wrist, his grip on her was so tightly that his knuckles were turning right. There was a wild look in his eyes. Like a caged animal.

"It wasn't my fault," he whispered rapidly, "He made me do those things...those" he breathed loudly. Tears started falling down his face, "I'm so sorry. So sorry. It wasn't my fault, I swear."

His words turned into nonsensical muttering. Zo stared at him in complete utter confusion. What the hell happened to him?

It's...it's okay," she said slowly, unclasping his grip on her, "I believe you kid. It is okay now."

Her words had the desired effect as Billy's erratic breathing and muttering calmed down until he was silent.

"I will be right back Billy, you just...lay there and rest."

She went back to her phone, her fingers swiping through her contacts until she found the number she was looking for.

"Don't..." Billy's voice trailed off. He didn't need to finish whatever he was going to say.

"I won't be far, just holler if you need anything kid."

She glanced at the phone and pressed call.

This kid owed her big time for this shit.

I hope yall enjoy this chapter! Many things will be explained later. Let me know your thoughts on the story so far and what you are thinking. See ya next time.